drink this, you idiot

You Go To My Head by blithesea, womenseemwicked

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Summary:

Morning shenanigans in the Harrington cabin. Does the sun rise outside, have aliens invaded the planet? Steve and Billy don’t really notice.

You Go To My Head

Author's Note:

> Billy POV by ficsandfuckery (women-seem-wicked on tumblr), Steve POV by blithesea (bites-heal on tumblr).

There's sun.

Lots of it.

Falling in through the window, and right in Steve's face.

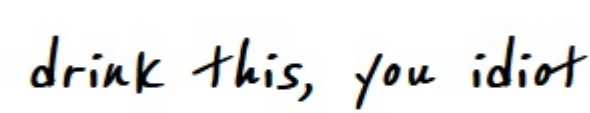
"Ughhhhh," Steve moans, and turns to the other side, screws his eyes shut. It's too fucking bright.

He imagines he hears a low chuckle, and the rustling of sheets, and then the bed dips. Steve whimpers into the mattress. The room is empty.

The next time he comes to, the sun is *still* there. Obnoxious fucker. *Way* too bright.

Steve groans and turns over again, slowly opens his eyes. Blinks. It hurts to think.

Something on the night table catches his eye. Billy's handwriting.



Well, that's just fucking rude. Steve feels very much like ignoring that note and closing his eyes again. But there's a glass of water standing right next to it on the table, along with an alka-seltzer tablet. And his mouth feels as dry as the desert.

"Up yours," he mumbles, pops the tablet into the glass and watches it

dissolve. Then he struggles into an upright position and drinks it down slowly, carefully, taking stock of himself. Stomach seems mostly okay. Good thing they ate so much last night. Head feels like someone hit him with his own nail bat, though. And he could sleep for another week, but now the bathroom is calling him for some pressing business.

Afterwards he looks into the mirror, groans. His hair looks like shit. Well. Maybe Billy won't mind so much. He splashes some water into his face, feels a tiny bit better.

Where the fuck is Billy, anyway?

He makes his way out into the rest of the house and catches a glimpse of movement through the window, by the veranda, but before he can investigate, there's the smell. He closes his eyes, sniffs. Coffee. *Billy made coffee.*

It's percolating in the coffee machine, dark and glorious, and Billy even set out a mug for him.

"Fuck, I love you," Steve mutters, pouring himself a cup and taking a greedy sip, almost burning his tongue. "I love you and I want to marry you and have your mullet-haired, Metallica-obsessed babies."

The coffee warms his insides, tickles his brain. Steve is starting to feel slightly less like roadkill.

He looks outside the window again, to see what Billy is doing, and has to grin. Holy *fuck*. Billy is hanging on one of the veranda beams, doing fucking *pull-ups*. Steve stands and watches for a bit, awe-struck. Billy is fucking topless, god. The sunlight is all but caressing his skin and making it gleam with a faint sheen of sweat. Then he drops to the floor and starts doing push-ups, hot *damn*. Steve is starting to feel a bit heated, as well, just from looking at him.

He grabs the blanket from the couch and puts it around his waist because it is fucking nippy outside, and opens the door.

"Hey, dickhead," he calls out, wanting to chew out Billy for leaving him all alone in their bed, for going away to fucking build up some

more muscles, as if he needs it. But that's as far as he gets. Because when Billy looks up at him, all the words go and fly right out of Steve's head. Damn, Billy looks good enough to eat.

--

Billy smirks and sits up on his knees to appreciate the sight of Steve, all bedhead and disgusting blanket and bright eyes, clutching a cup of coffee like it's his lifeline.

"Good morning, sleeping beauty," he teases, and straightens up to his feet. "How you feelin'?"

—

"Like shit, thanks," Steve replies, yawning into his mug. He is feeling grumpy, but the coffee is doing a lot to lift his spirits. That and seeing Billy bathed in sunlight, without a shirt on. "What the fuck are you doing out here?"

He wants to tell Billy that he's taking personal offense at Billy not even wanting to wake up with him, but, so many words. Far too much effort. So he just glares a bit, and hopes Billy will read his mind.

—

"The beams out here are perfect for pull-ups," Billy gestures behind him indicatively. "I tried to wake you up for round three, but you just grumbled something about beauty sleep and rolled over," he smirks, taking a sip of Steve's coffee without taking it from his hands. "So I figured I'd come see the sights and work off the hangover while you got that beauty sleep of yours. Can't say I see any difference." He winks and leans in to kiss the corner of Steve's mouth briefly.

—

Ugh. Billy talks too much. And he doesn't look hungover at all, which is fucking unfair.

"How are you so perky?" Steve complains, and Billy isn't winning any brownie points here by laughing. "Can we go back inside? Bed?

Please?" Full sentences are still way too much to handle.

—

"Yeah, come on," Billy soothes, putting a hand on either of Steve's shoulder and leading him back through the door into the cabin. "I know just what you need, pretty boy," he purrs against his ear as he steers Steve into the bedroom slowly, pulling the blanket off him and tossing it back onto the couch as they walk.

--

"Mmmmmh, yeah?" Steve is hopeful, because they are going towards the general direction of the bed. Aren't they? "Is it a blowjob?"

--

Billy chuckles.

"No, Casanova, it's a nice cold shower," he teases, enjoying the sudden change in Steve's stance from fluid and willing, and how even then Steve is helpless against where Billy wants him to go. He steers Steve toward the bed and pushes him down onto it gently.

"*After* a blowjob," he admits with a wink.

Steve groans and nudges him with his bare foot in annoyance at being jerked around like that, but Billy just smiles wide and leans down to nuzzle at Steve's chest.

"We smoked the last of my cigarettes last night, so my mouth has been restless as hell waiting for you to wake up, pretty boy," he smirks, trailing hands and lips downward.

—

"Well," Steve says, leaning back into the bed and pushing down the underwear that is in the way (and how the fuck is he wearing underwear? Wait, is that even his own?). "You know I got a lot of stuff here you can get your mouth on," he says, giving himself a squeeze, and okay, he may be just a little bit smug about it. Because Billy is always so into it, and not afraid of a challenge. One of his

finest qualities.

“Anything your mouth wants. Go to town.”

Billy looks at him, no, *leers*, and Steve is reminded of their conversation last night. Did Billy offer to eat out his ass? Holy fuck, they must have been drunk. No way he could have meant that.

“Anything you want,” he repeats, grinning at Billy, because if that’s still on the table, fuck. Maybe it’s the hangover talking, but it sounds like something he could be into.

Must be the hangover.

--

Billy cracks a slow smile and lets the hand on Steve’s pretty thigh travel down between Steve’s legs. Softly. Not really *touching* anything, just brushing his fingers past his balls, along the soft skin where thigh and groin meet.

“Anything,” he challenges with a glance up at his boyfriend’s face. “You want me to rim you, baby? Fuck you with my tongue?”

—

Hell. If he’s asking like that, in *that* tone, with the voice that could charm the peel off a banana? Steve would let Billy lick his fucking appendix, if he felt so inclined.

“Well,” he huffs, feeling just a little hotter than before. “If you absolutely *insist*…”

—

Billy grins and leans over Steve to kiss him on the lips.

“Baby you’ve no idea how into that I am,” he purrs. “But you’re gonna need a shower before that happens. Hell, we could both use a shower,” he smirks, moving against Steve enticingly. “What d’you say, Stevie?” he asks.

--

Suddenly a shower sounds like best idea in the world, no matter how horrifying the thought had seemed before. “Yeah, shower, let’s do that,” Steve replies between slow kisses. “But you’re still gonna blow me too, right? No take-backs.”

—

Billy slips a hand between Steve’s legs and palms his soft cock lazily.

“Try and stop me, Harrington,” he smirks into a kiss.

With that he stands up, and pulls Steve after him by a hand, tugging them both toward the bathroom, toeing off his boots as he goes.

--

Steve helps Billy out of his sweatpants, because he is a good boyfriend, helpful as anything. He climbs into the tub with Billy, almost stumbles, but that doesn’t impair the giddy anticipation in the air even one bit. They haphazardly pull the shower curtain to avoid a complete mess, and Steve starts the water, letting it run for a little while to get it hot.

“Mmmmh, is this how it’s gonna be from now on?” he asks, running his hands over Billy’s chest, still tacky with drying sweat. “I just have to dare you something and you do it? It’s that simple?”

--

Billy hisses as cold water hits his back, and takes it as an excuse to push Steve up against the wall opposite the showerhead and lean into him. He presses his lips to Steve’s warm, sleep-scented skin and hums.

“Don’t get too cocky, Harrington,” he warns unconvincingly. “I’m gonna eat your pretty ass ‘cause it’s what I’ve wanted to do from the moment I saw it in gym shorts.”

--

The tiles are cold against his back, and from the other side Billy is pressing into him, leaving nowhere to go, Steve is pleased to find.

“Is that what you think about during basketball practice?” he smiles, pulling at one of Billy’s nipples, already perked into a hard little nub. “Hell, imagine how great you’d play if you kept your mind on the ball…”

--

Billy shakes his head, smirking into Steve’s shoulder.

“Asshole,” he mutters affectionately, and presses into Steve’s hand on his chest, dragging his own hands down Steve’s soft sides.

“Beat me in a one-on-one and then you can start throwing out helpful suggestions, Harrington,” he teases, dipping his hand down between Steve’s legs and trailing his fingers just around Steve’s cock but never touching it. “For now, I’ll think about whatever I like when I’m playing circles around your pretty ass.”

He licks a stripe along Steve’s collarbone and presses their groins together softly, letting out a moan as both their cocks give a little twitch of interest, pushed up against each other.

--

“Eh, if I beat you in a one-on-one, I want a goddamn parade,” Steve grins, reaching between them to end Billy’s teasing and squeeze their dicks together properly.

“And if we make it to regionals, I want a victory blowjob for every point I score.” Fuck, he’d put a lot more effort into practice in the future, if Billy agreed to this.

The water is probably warm by now, and Steve doesn’t want to waste it, so he moves them closer to the spray, kissing Billy, and watching the water start to cascade over him, like he never dares to in the school showers. Watches every little rivulet make its way down his chest, over his pecs, the planes of his stomach. “Fuck,” Steve mutters. “You’re a fucking wet dream.”

--

Billy winks and lets Steve go to run his hands down his own body and behind him. Parts his ass cheeks with one hand and slips a finger around his entrance and slowly inside with the other, letting the warm water trickle inside a bit to clean him as he leans forward a little. He groans happily and lets his eyes fall closed for a moment.

“Bet you look just as good as I do like this,” he breathes. “Mm I finally get to watch you in the shower and not worry about how hard seeing you run those hands all over yourself makes me.”

—

“You just gonna watch?” Steve asks, raising his eyebrows. “I was kinda hoping there’d be more to it…” He picks up the soap, works up a lather, looking at Billy through wet lashes, daring him quietly.

--

“Mm you know I can never keep my hands to myself when you’re around, pretty boy,” he promises, working the finger slowly out of his ass and grabbing the soap from Steve’s long fingers to lather it between his own palms.

As Steve begins to lazily rub the soap from his hands onto his chest, Billy turns him around and brings the bar to Steve’s slumped back.

“Stand up straight, baby,” he chides, pressing between his shoulder blades as he slides his soapy hand down. “You’re gonna fuck your back up like that.”

—

“You mean so you can fuck it up better,” Steve teases, smiling, but obeys. Is this the kind of scene they show in prison movies? He slides a soapy hand down his middle, gives his cock a good, hard stroke, because that relaxes him, and Billy is facing the other way anyway. Or maybe he can tell by the way Steve’s hand is moving? But Steve doesn’t let that stop him, not yet.

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Billy really does wash Steve's back at first. Keeps his attention high, starting with the shoulders, in an attempt to keep Steve calm. It's more of a massage than anything, but Billy doesn't care what he's doing to Steve's back as long as he gets to touch it like this.

"You're so fuckin' hot, baby," he groans, and presses a kiss into the side of Steve's face. "Every inch of you." He glances down over Steve's shoulder at his hand on his cock and smiles. Watches for a moment, enchanted, before he puts a hand on Steve's wrist to slow him. "Take it easy, speed demon. I'm gonna make you feel so good you'll wanna last forever."

He slides the soap back into Steve's left hand, and slips his own hands down Steve's hips and appreciatively over the curve of his ass.

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Steve manages not to drop the soap, *barely*. He has to shuffle his feet a bit, just to not slip and fall and crack his head on the side of the tub, and he didn't mean to bump his ass into Billy's cock, not like *that. Christ.*

He reaches back and takes Billy's hand, Billy doesn't need both of them, and Steve really wants Billy's hand on his cock now. To have something to focus on.

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"Nervous, baby?" Billy breathes, slotting himself around Steve for a moment, not caring that the soap transfers from Steve's back to Billy's front as he does, his right hand around Steve's cock and his left still cupping his sweet ass. He bites a little at Steve's neck. Nuzzles it. "Don't be," he says. "Just relax and I'll take care of everything. I'm not even gonna go in very far."

As much as his cock wants it, he keeps his hips back from Steve's ass, giving himself enough room to slip his fingers up gently between Steve's cheeks, glancing over his anxiously twitching hole. He can't help but groan a little - the headiness of really getting to do this finally getting to him - and rubs soft, gentle circles over the puckered ring of muscle, soothing it.

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“Mnot fucking nervous,” Steve says nervously, but he tries very hard to relax, because Billy isn’t going to push him against the wall and start fucking him, he is *not*. And what he’s doing feels kinda nice, once Steve manages to stop jittering and pay attention to what is actually happening. Billy’s fingers feel weird, but good? He’s being gentle, and Steve knows he’s holding himself back. Steve moves his ass back a little, towards Billy, towards the thick, calloused fingers. He can do this, no sweat. Well. Maybe a little sweat. But he’s had Billy fuck his face, for Christ’s sake. This is nothing.

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“Hey, pretty boy,” Billy beckons softly, turning his head to invite a kiss. Steve glances over and can’t help but smile into it as they press their lips together. Billy takes that moment to slip his little finger into Steve just to the first knuckle. Steve tenses against him, but Billy strokes his cock and kisses him again.

“Relax,” he reminds him. “Not gonna hurt you. Just relax.”

--

“No, wait, I don’t—” Steve says, twisting out of Billy’s grasp, good god. He didn’t sign up for this. Did he? He takes Billy’s hand, holds it still, before he can try and do *that* again. “I didn’t think, you’re not gonna…” He pauses, takes a deep breath. What the *fuck*, he knows this is silly, but suddenly he isn’t quite sure where Billy is going with this anymore. And no, this isn’t fucking working for him, having Billy behind him, not being able to see shit. He turns, still holding Billy’s hand. Billy is looking at him, is he worried? Steve starts feeling a bit stupid about it all. “I haven’t changed my mind,” he tells Billy, and himself. “Just, c’mere.” He leans in close, brings up Billy’s hand to the swell of his ass again and seeks out Billy’s lips at the same time. He can do this, if Billy keeps kissing him.

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Billy doesn’t move his hand this time except to squeeze Steve’s ass a little - massage his fingers over it appreciatively. Instead he just

follows Steve's lead, kissing him soft and warm and deep, their tongues meeting between them.

When he does pull away, it's only long enough to meet Steve's eyes for a second, checking how he's doing. Steve looks anxious, but determined.

"I'm not gonna fuck you, baby," Billy tries to reassure. "It's just a finger," he says. "Just a little stretch so you'll be nice and clean for my mouth. Alright?"

He kisses Steve again, and keeps his hand on the swell of Steve's ass, gentle.

--

Steve frowns, breaks the kiss. He's just had a thought, and it makes this whole thing shine in a whole different kind of light. "But," he starts, unsure if he wants to say it, put it out there. He knows once he does, there's no turning back.

"You want to. Fuck me. Don't you?"

He looks in Billy's eyes, worried that he's gonna tell him some lie now, just to not break the moment.

--

Billy feels caught. Has no idea what the right answer is here, Steve is still so new to all of this - still freaks out so easily. But he *did* let Billy fuck his *face* last night. Billy's cock twitches a little at the memory. He bites his bottom lip shrugs a little.

"Of course I want to," he says, and that feels wrong - too forward - but Billy isn't good at subtlety. He meets Steve's big brown eyes and sees the apprehension there. Recognizes it. "You're gorgeous," he says. "But being fucked by you is already hot as hell, King Steve," he runs a hand over Steve's chest and presses a kiss into his jaw. "Don't feel like you have to-- I mean, I've never been somebody's first time, but I'd make it good for you, I swear. If you wanted to try sometime… I've been fucked enough that I know what makes it good," he smirks.

--

“I, I’m, um.” Steve tries to make sense, he really does, but this is all a bit much to process. Why the hell hasn’t it occurred to him before now that Billy might want this? He’s been going on about how much he loves Steve’s ass for *ages*. But he just never thought that the roles could be reversed, like *that*.

He is saved from the discussion by the water turning suddenly from nice and comfy to fucking freezing. “Shit,” he hisses, bucking away from the spray, closer into Billy, but there’s no escaping, until Billy saves him, reaching past him and turning the water off completely. He doesn’t let go of Steve after that, though. Just stays, his arms wrapped around Steve, and Steve realizes with a sinking heart that Billy may still be waiting for a more coherent answer. He shivers, hugs Billy close to him. “Fuck, I am still soapy everywhere.” That’s not quite what they’d been talking about before, but it’s the best Steve can do at this moment.

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Billy kisses Steve and steps out of the shower, carefully pulling Steve with him.

“C’mere,” he says, and opens a cupboard near the sink at random. *Hand towels. Perfect.* He flicks on the sink and gets one slightly damp. Runs it down his own soapy chest first, shivering a little at the cold, but it’s better than a full-on cold shower. Then he turns back to Steve, and runs the cloth carefully down his chest and back, finally sliding it between his ass cheeks softly, cleaning up any traces of soap left on him.

Steve is shivering, but they dry themselves off quickly and Billy ushers them back to the bedroom, leaving the towels where-the-fuck-ever as they jump under the covers of the bed.

“Good?” Billy asks, turning on his side to pull Steve to his chest.

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“Yeah,” Steve replies while he gets comfortable on Billy’s chest. He

feels better than he has all morning, the last bits of hangover nearly gone, and it's not something he'd admit to out loud, but the cold water probably had a lot to do with it.

"Listen," he says, because it somehow feels like he owes it to Billy, a bit. "I'm not saying I'd never want to try it, but. Maybe not… now? I know you didn't mean now anyway," he intercedes when it seems like Billy is going to protest, "But, fuck. I'd really like to try the other thing. If you still feel like it, after I, well. After all that."

--

Billy smiles into a kiss and slips his hands around Steve's back again, one of them holding his ass close.

"You know I do, baby," he purrs, wrapping a leg around Steve's to turn them over so he's on top and pressing a kiss into his neck. He gets up on his hands and knees and starts to crawl down Steve's body, sucking and biting and licking everything he can as he goes, but the blankets start to bunch up and he has to reach behind him and exasperatedly throw them off before he can settle between Steve's parted legs and lick a stripe up the underside of his ever so slightly stiffening cock.

He hums, and takes it down between his lips greedily. Rolling his tongue over the head and the vein that he can just barely feel on the underside of the shaft, sucking his way through a couple quick thrusts before he takes it deep enough to choke a little. He closes his eyes and holds it there with a groan as he feels it stiffen in his mouth, and his own cock responds in kind.

--

Steve stares down at Billy, at the way he closes his eyes and moans when he takes Steve's cock down all the way, like it's the greatest thing and he can't even look at Steve while he does it or he'll lose it. Steve threads his fingers through Billy's curls, sighs, all but melts into the soft mattress.

"Yeah, I know," he says, just words, coming out of his mouth almost on their own while he concentrates on nothing but the gorgeous wet

heat around his cock. “You’re always up for everything…”

--

Billy hums and pulls off of Steve’s now fully hard cock with a lick before turning his head and leaning in to suck Steve’s balls into his mouth with a “don’t you forget it,” grin up at Steve’s face. Steve’s soft moan and the tightening of his fingers in Billy’s hair is enough to make his cock get just a little harder, and Billy rolls his hips into the mattress just to get a little friction before he pulls away from Steve’s groin, kissing down the inside of his thigh a bit, and growls:

“Roll over, pretty boy. Let me see that ass.”

--

“Man, sometimes I think you’re not happy unless you can boss me around,” Steve rolls his eyes, but the protest is lip-service only, he wants what Billy is offering, he wants it so much he can feel his balls seize up for a moment, his cock dripping with more than Billy’s spit. Billy pushes, and Steve obeys, moans a bit because lying down on his belly presses his cock into the mattress, and he doesn’t dare reach down to adjust himself, not right now. Not when Billy is so close, is squeezing Steve’s cheeks, gives one a little bite.

--

“Not true,” Billy disagrees, pulling Steve up and back a little so his ass is up in the air, while his chest stays pressed to the mattress. Steve glances back at him a little anxiously and Billy presses a kiss over the bite, smoothing his fingers down over Steve’s spine. “I’d probably be just as happy with you bossing *me* around, King Steve,” he smirks. “If you were telling me to do something like this.”

He gives Steve’s perfect ass an appreciative once-over, loving everything about having Steve in this position, and spreads his hands over Steve’s ass cheeks hungrily, scratching just a little with short nails as he squeezes, parting them enough to let him see the dusky pucker of Steve’s hole.

Billy groans low in his throat and leans in to give it a long, wet lick.

Just running his tongue over it and up the soft skin between his cheeks.

--

Whatever reply Steve might have had on the tip of his tongue, it is wiped away in an instant. The feeling of Billy's tongue, *there*, it tickles and makes him buck involuntarily, but it feels good, too, in a strange, filthy way, and he wants more. "Uh," he tries to find a way to tell Billy that without so many words, because he can't make sense with his mouth right now.

--

Billy smirks and does it again.

"Mm like that, baby?" he asks, knowing the answer full well as Steve's hole gives a little needy twitch, like it wants more already, but wanting to hear him say it, or fail to say it as the case may be. He presses a kiss to Steve's rim and sucks a little, licks a little, his hands palming Steve's perky ass as it presses back into his touch.

--

"Yeah," Steve grinds out, as he lets his head press against the cool pillow, it feels good against his warm face, and, okay, he is glad that Billy isn't looking him in the eye right now. "Yeah, like that," he says, voice muffled a bit, but he can tell Billy hears him, imagines he can feel Billy smile against his skin.

--

Billy hums and nests his chin deeper between Steve's soft cheeks as he flicks his tongue back and forth more determinedly against his hole, breathing in the faint musk of Steve's skin and the lavender soap they'd been using in the shower, and basking in the heady taste of it all.

Keeping a careful eye on the loose, relaxed muscles of Steve's back, Billy presses into his inviting heat a little, and lets that first ring of muscle welcome his wet tongue just inside. Steve's body stiffens beneath him in a little shudder, but he doesn't pull away - a soft,

surprised moan Billy would love to hear nearly getting lost in the pillow beneath him as he presses into it and then back against Billy's mouth.

"Mmh," Billy coaxes, sliding a hand through the back of Steve's hair to gently tug him up, freeing his mouth from the pillow. "Don't hide, baby," he groans, his breath ghosting over the wet skin of Steve's ass teasingly. "Let me hear it all." He leans in and nips at the dimples above Steve's ass, sucking a dim little mark into the side of one of them with satisfaction. "We're in the middle of fucking nowhere, so you're gonna have to be louder than that to make the neighbors hear us."

Billy slips a hand around Steve's front to give his cock a feel. Groans low in his throat at how desperately hard he is, leaking pre-come onto the sheets below them. Steve's thighs shudder a little when he rolls his thumb over the glistening tip and back to the base, just holding there, hard, as he returns his mouth to Steve's tight hole.

--

If he had any capacity for completing sentences, maybe Steve would tell Billy that he couldn't care less about neighbors, that he'd gladly scandalize any squirrel, skunk or bear in a ten-mile radius, but that the thought of letting Billy hear how much he is into this, how much he is loving it, both the heady sensation of Billy's mouth there and the filthy knowledge that he is getting off on Billy's tongue in his ass — it feels much more personal showing Billy how much he loves it, wants it, wishes it would never end.

He can't help it, can't help pushing back against Billy, shifting his legs to open up for him more, give him any kind of freedom he needs, but it takes effort not to keep whole thing to himself. Once Billy touches his cock, though, not stroking him at all, just holding him firmly, as if to say, *yes, this is mine, just like your ass*… there's little Steve can do but twist the sheets in his fists and moan. Could he come like that? He never would have thought so, but the anxious heat pooling in his groin, gripping his balls, makes him less sure.

—

Billy coats the rim of Steve's hole with saliva, and hums approval before he presses back inside of him with his tongue - this time a little further. Steve cries out shudderingly, still surprised by the sensation of it, and clenches tight around him. Billy lets his tongue slide out. Steve groans and presses back, demanding more, but he doesn't need to. The moment Steve's hole opens up again, Billy's back between his cheeks with eyes closed, focusing on keeping his tongue inside, moving against Steve's soft, warm walls.

I'm in Steve Harrington's ass is the only full sentence Billy's mind can wrap around as Steve moans and writhes beneath him, and his own cock gets impossibly harder. He starts stroking Steve's dick from around his thighs softly. Not enough that he'd get off on it alone, but as he wets Steve's ass a little more with spit and licks still further into him, doing everything he can with his tongue to make him feel *so good*, he can feel Steve's orgasm building. Feels giddy at how he can feel it in the clenching of his muscles, and picks up his pace determinedly.

--

Fuck, but Steve can feel it clearly now, the way Billy is pushing him towards coming, like he has Steve tied up by the balls, and you wouldn't think it's Billy with his tongue up Steve's ass, he is so much in control over Steve's every shiver, drives the moans out of him without remorse, and an image forms in Steve's mind of Billy behind him like this, fucking him, and he knows it's not gonna be like *this*, not even remotely, but the thought won't go away, and the way it seems to make Steve push back more eagerly, spread his legs just a little more, well. It's not like Billy *knows*.

Then Billy gives Steve's cock a squeeze like he does know, he knows and is smirking that way he does when he's about to wrap Steve around his finger, and Steve can't help it, he comes all over Billy's hand.

—

Billy knows Steve's coming almost before Steve seems to, and it's amazing. His muscles contract and spasm around Billy's tongue as he pushes back like he's trying to get Billy's whole tongue inside of him.

And the moans. Billy wishes he'd thought ahead to bring a cassette recorder for this moment, because he wants to hear those moans again and again forever.

When Steve finally stops pulsing in his hand, Billy kisses his boyfriend's pretty, slick hole before letting him fall to the bed and turning him over onto his back to lick the come from his cock and his belly.

Steve is always gorgeous after orgasm, but the fact that this one was such a new experience for him adds something to the softness of his expression, and Billy can't help but stare up at him.

"You're so beautiful," he groans low without even thinking.

—

"And you are insane," Steve breathes, smiles, still catching his breath, mind still reeling from what Billy has just done. Billy is looking up at him with those blue eyes, the dark lashes a smudge against his cheeks. So innocent, if it wasn't for a bit of Steve's come on his chin. Steve runs his hand through Billy's hair, over the side of his face. Gets the bit of come with a swipe of his thumb. Billy closes his eyes at the caress, as if asking Steve to continue, moves willingly when Steve pulls him closer, up to him. He knows Billy is hard, can feel the hot press of his cock against his hip, but Billy doesn't rush, doesn't push, still has his eyes closed. Steve can't look away.

"Completely insane," he whispers, leaning in to kiss Billy's closed eyelids, the bridge of his nose, the bit of his eyebrow that likes to furrow, but lies completely smooth now. Kisses his temple, the soft bit by his hairline, the curve of his ear. He brushes the hair away from Billy's ear, smiles. "I can't fucking believe you sometimes," Steve says in a low voice into his ear, and kisses that, too.

—

Billy feels warm and soft and sort of boneless, like *he's* the one who just came, as Steve touches him like he's something precious. He can't remember the last time someone put their hands to him so innocently and it makes him shiver and bury his face in Steve's neck

and his hair. The coiled heat in his groin wants relief, but the tingling skin of his back where Steve is touching him so softly makes him want to just lay here forever.

“When do you have to have the car back?” he asks quietly into Steve’s skin, because his ass is still a little sore from last night, but he wants more than anything to get Steve back inside him before they leave this place for home. It’s getting late enough that if they stay here much longer he’ll have some explaining to do when he gets home, but Billy doesn’t want to think about that - even as the bruises on his neck seem to itch - right now he’s far away from all of that. None of it matters.

—

Steve snorts, he can’t help it. He doesn’t even think his mother is going to notice that he took that car, unless she stops to read the note he left. That’s a big maybe, though.

“My mom has her own car,” he says with a shrug. He knows he’s hedging, but it’s because Billy is really asking when they have to go back, and Steve doesn’t want to think about that, not yet. The bed is far too comfortable, Billy a solid weight on top of him, so responsive to Steve’s kisses and touches. He could stay like this forever. Why does Billy have to bring reality back into it?

—

“Mm,” Billy sighs contentedly and rolls his hips a little as he resettles more fully into Steve’s arms, moving his mouth against his boyfriend’s neck lazily in what could only charitably be called kisses. But his mouth is fucking tired. It’s a miracle he even wants to kiss after that. But he does. “Hold me then,” he commands weakly. “Wanna wait for you to come.”

He doesn’t know why he wants that. But he does. It sounds nice.

--

At first Steve smiles at that, it feels like a little victory, winning Billy over to staying forever here in this cabin. They can fuck until the

lube runs out, hunt and fish for food. Billy could gut their kills (he'd probably enjoy that), and Steve could cook them. They could stay here until they are old and grey. Fuck the rest of the world.

But that's not how it works, a voice in Steve's mind nags while he idly traces invisible lines on Billy's back. And it's usually Billy who is so stingy with their time, always worried about every minute they may run late. The fact that he's throwing caution to the wind should give them both pause. Steve looks down at Billy, can't really see anything of his face past the mess of his hair. He presses a kiss to Billy's forehead, pulls him closer.

"Maybe I'll let you drive back," he muses. That might buy them a bit of time.

"If you're up to sitting that long…"

—

Billy pushes himself up on his elbows just enough to smile down at Steve.

"Don't mind my need for speed anymore do ya?" he teases, and goes in for a kiss on the lips but then realizes Steve probably doesn't want to kiss his mouth right now, not till he cleans it up, so he moves over and kisses Steve's jaw. "Mm you gonna make it hard for me to sit, baby?" he asks. "*Promise*?"

—

"You weirdo," Steve smiles. Billy looks so enthusiastic at the thought. "You actually look forward to that, huh?"

—

Billy nips at Steve's earlobe defensively.

"What's life without a little pain, huh?" he asks, rutting a little more against Steve's hip just to keep himself hard. It's more complex than that. Billy's never really paused to think about why he likes it rough so much, because he knows if he did it'd probably come down to his father in some way. When he hurts during or after sex, he controls

the pain. When it hurts it feels more real. When it's like he's being beat up, it feels more like a fight - more like something a real man would do.

But Billy doesn't think about that.

—

"I don't know," Steve shrugs, because he can't honestly say that he's ever considered being *into* pain. But maybe it depends on the kind of pain? Or who made it hurt?

He reaches down to where Billy's cock is pressing into his side, squeezes it to say hello. Now where the hell did they put the lube last night? For a moment, while he fumbles through the bedding and pillows with one hand, he worries that it's somewhere wildly unattainable like the living room. But then his fingers brush against smooth plastic, wedged between mattress and headboard. *Victory!*

"How long did you feel it last time?" He asks, a bit unsure if it's a good thing, even if Billy seems to be into it.

—

Billy presses up into something resembling a push-up over Steve and arches an eyebrow down at him.

"Who says I'm done feeling it now?" he asks. And when Steve's eyes widen with concern: "Relax, it doesn't hurt or anything, it's just a bit…" He wiggles his ass a little. "Stretched."

—

Steve tries to imagine it, getting fucked and still feeling it afterwards. *Enjoying* it. He can't, not quite. What Billy just did to his ass felt fucking amazing, but he can't feel it anymore, not now. He feels *good*, relaxed and loose. But not like Billy's tongue left a space.

"What about fingers?" he asks, letting go of Billy to open the lube. "Do you feel those, after?"

—

“Not unless you do something really bad. Or really good, but even then not for long.” Billy rolls off of Steve just enough that he can slide a hand down over his chest toward his groin promisingly. “But your cock goes deep, baby. And it’s so thick. So good.” He ghosts fingertips over Steve’s flaccid cock, still oversensitive to his touch, and Steve flinches a little with a groan.

“Mine wouldn’t do half as much to stretch you out… if we did that,” Billy glances coyly up at Steve through his lashes and then away. “But I like it. Don’t know why people think it’s some girly or weak thing to get fucked, the stretch and the endurance and everything about it. It’s fuckin’ sexist, man. I mean, I’m girly for plenty other reasons besides wanting my boyfriend’s massive dick to fucking ruin me.”

—

There are so many things in that last utterance of Billy’s designed to make Steve preen a bit (massive dick. *Boyfriend*), that he almost misses the rest of what Billy says. He shakes his head, amused.

“Girly? You?” To hear Billy call himself that, *Billy*, with his voice and his leers and his weight-lifting, and the dick that is so insistently hard and unmistakably male and right *there*, seems like he’s having Steve on. Steve finally manages to squeeze out some lube, coats his fingers with it to give Billy’s cock a proper stroke, silky-smooth, and Billy’s moan feels so good, he does it again.

--

“Mm that’s good, baby,” Billy sighs, pushing into Steve’s hand just a little as he leans his head on his boyfriend’s left shoulder. “Fuck,” he breathes, and kisses at Steve’s skin. He doesn’t know why he said that. Damn Steve for making him feel so loose and open and trusting. He can’t trust himself to keep stupid shit to himself anymore.

--

Well. As if that wasn’t an obvious attempt to change the subject. Steve raises his eyebrows, tries to figure out what that means even as he continues jacking Billy off with lazy strokes, just giving his dick

some attention, it's been neglected so long.

"How do you mean, girly? The cocksucking stuff?" He has never considered that girly before, hell, most girls don't even want to do it. What the fuck does girly mean anyway? Nancy, with her cherry lip gloss and butterfly stickers in her locker? He's seen her empty a full round of bullets right into a monster's face without flinching. If that means being girly, sign him the fuck up.

—

Billy shakes his head with a groan.

"It's nothing," he says. "Just-- mm forget I said anything, Steve. 'S just a word. I talk too much. You know that."

--

"Mmhmm. I like it when you talk, though," Steve replies, kissing Billy's forehead. Billy isn't looking at him, which might just mean he genuinely wants Steve to back off. And it's weird, the way words can make Billy shut himself off and refuse to look at Steve, when he was so open and delighted and easy with putting his tongue up Steve's ass. It's not a good feeling. Steve decides not to push it, instead concentrates on his hand on Billy's cock, wants to make it really nice for him. Still, he makes sure not to give Billy too much, because, yeah. He'd really like to fuck him one last time before they have to go.

—

Billy glances up at Steve's suddenly gloomy face and sighs. That *wasn't* what he wanted. And, hell, if he can tell Harrington he loves him… In a moment he's on top of Steve fully, on hands and knees above him like he's going in for a kiss. But he doesn't.

"Fine," he says. "You wanna know why I said girly?" He glances down at Steve's lips and away when Steve just nods. "It's one of my dad's favorite words for me. After 'faggot' and 'burnout' and 'slut.' And not just 'cause I like sucking cock." Billy sighs. He can feel his cheeks growing warm before he's even said it and it's so stupid, it's

not even something he'd be ashamed of if it weren't for Neil. But still…

"I buy clothes from the girls section sometimes. Not as some kind of… I mean-- I don't dress up as a chick or whatever. I just-- Their pants fit better. And there's some shirts, the patterns…" Billy rolls his eyes. "I mean if it's good enough for Robert Plant it's good enough for me, right? But my dad doesn't seem to think that. Anyway, you tell anyone and your ass is grass, you're dead, Harrington. Alright?" Billy threatens with a wry smirk, throwing Steve's favorite threat right back at him and cherishing the little look of surprise on Steve's face that he even knows about that.

--

Billy's dad. *Should have known*, Steve thinks, angry with himself for bringing it up. Stupid. He should have thought about it before opening his mouth.

"What, you're trying to tell me you like dressing up so that people look at you more? 'Cause that's a goddamn *shocker*, man," he teases, grinning when Billy mock-punches him in the chest. He leans up to kiss Billy then, he's just so irresistible when he pretends to sulk but really wants to jump Steve's bones. Steve realizes too late, when Billy makes a surprised face, *why* they haven't been kissing all along, and briefly shivers when he lets himself think about where that mouth has been, but Billy doesn't taste bad, doesn't smell like it, and, fuck. Steve has missed kissing him too much to let it really bother him.

—

Billy smiles and kisses back. Lowers himself onto his elbows so he's pressing down on Steve all over, delicious heat and pressure between their bodies. He is wholly wrecked for kissing anyone else now and he knows it. It's something he'll have a panic about later, for sure, but right now he doesn't fucking care. Because he *has* Steve. He can *do* this. It's not like it was at the beginning of the school year, when he dreamt it but couldn't touch. And he's going to take advantage of that whenever he fucking can.

He slips his tongue over Steve's lips and presses softly between them,

relishing in Steve's little shiver at the parallel to what he was just doing.

--

And just like that, Steve's cock is back in business.

He moans, both at the thought of what a filthy thing they're doing, have done, and may do again sometime, if he's really lucky. And at the realization that the mere memory of Billy's tongue up his ass is making him hard.

"I use Farrah Fawcett hairspray," he whispers against Billy's lips when they move apart. "And I don't give a damn if that's girly. It makes my hair look fucking awesome."

He looks at Billy defiantly, daring him to laugh, and he *does*, but not in a mean way. Just in that delighted way that he sometimes has about him. Steve squeezes Billy's dick and murmurs "*Asshole*," under his breath.

—

"*Pretty boy*," Billy comes back with a smirk, pressing their lips together again before he pulls back to run a hand through Steve's thick hair, unstyled but still slightly hairsprayed from the day before, the ends near his neck ever so slightly damp from the shower.

"God bless Farrah," he muses, admiring how the hair in his hands still looks good even if it was slept on a bit funny and pulled on a bit during sex and subsequent makeouts. "You oughtta let me try that shit some time."

--

"Eh, I don't know," Steve smiles, "it might just cause rioting in the streets, people climbing all over each other to get a look at how handsome you are…" He gives the little curl on Billy's forehead a gentle tug. "Think I'd rather keep you to myself for now, if you don't mind."

—

Billy can't help smiling a little at that. The fluttering in his chest at those words making a flush creep deceptively across his skin.

"You dick," he says, knocking his elbow against Steve's side affectionately. "Make it sound like I've never had a problem with that before. You know I've been fending chicks off left and right since I *got* here, right? Not to mention I have no intention of being anyone's but yo-- wait, did you say *handsome*?" Billy's smirk turns into a pleased little smile as he comes up to study Steve's face.

"What am I, your knight in faded denim?" he teases and presses a kiss to Steve's lips. "Don't think *that* word's been used for me since I was about five, but hey baby, whatever turns you on."

--

Billy's teasing isn't enough to make Steve blush, he is feeling too content, fuck you very much. He still sticks out his tongue at Billy, who laughs and moves in as if to bite it, turning the exchange into a deep kiss.

"Oh sure, it's *that* word you have a problem with… You just want to hear about how irresistible you are," Steve teases back, and gets some more lube, slicks up his hand on Billy's dick, smiles at the way Billy sighs at that.

"Handsome, gorgeous, pretty, lovely, beautiful, pick a word you like, then." They all apply, as far as Steve is concerned, but he's not gonna say *that*.

—

"Mm fucked, shagged, bent-over…" Billy suggests with a slight approximation of an innocent look. "Can I have one of those?" he smirks, closing his eyes for a second and struggling not to push into Steve's too-generous hand on his cock. "Cause I may have a decent amount of endurance, but baby, we're pushing the limits on it."

--

Steve smiles, kisses Billy's smirk. "Maybe you could suck me off for a bit?" he asks, trying not to sound too hopeful. Billy's been giving him

so much this morning, and Steve has loved every second of it, he doesn't want to seem *greedy*, but fuck, he can't help it, Billy's mouth on his cock is one of his favorite things. One of his cock's favorites, too. "Just to get me up to speed?"

—

Billy laughs and rolls his eyes.

"Just to get you up to speed, yeah," he shakes his head, pressing one last kiss on Steve's lips before he quickly shuffles down Steve's lean frame to settle between his legs. He presses a kiss to Steve's jutting hip bone on one side before glancing up at Steve and sucking a mark into it. *Mine.* The thought sends a thrill up his back, and Steve's visible enjoyment of the sight makes his skin tingle pleasantly.

He turns his attention to Steve's cock, just barely starting to stir with arousal, and sucks the head down between his lips. Normally he'd take this time to lick the hell out of it, but his tongue is still overworked enough from fucking Steve's tight ass that this time he focuses more on the sucking, and on moving his lips over it. Tries not to let Steve's breathy sighs go to his balls, but he can't help it. Just a couple seconds into sucking Steve to hardness, feeling Steve's length pulse to life in between his lips, Billy has to reach a hand down between his own legs to encircle his own cock firmly - an impromptu cockring to stave off the orgasm that, while still far enough off that he's not worried, is getting dangerously closer.

He groans and sucks Steve further down, hard. Getting down to business as he feels Steve's hand tangle in the messy hair at the back of his head.

--

"Mmmh, *fuck*," Steve curses, closing his eyes. He'll never get tired of the way Billy just goes to town on his dick, like he loves it so much, he even gets off on it. He doesn't want too much now, still wants to fuck Billy good and proper, but it's so good, he can't help lie back and just enjoy Billy's skilled mouth.

"Fuck, you're so good at this," he murmurs, smoothing out Billy's

hair, which, okay. Is a bit of a mess right now. A beautiful mess, speaking of everything they've done this weekend, every time he touched it, the sleeping, the sex. Everything. "Love your mouth, baby, so much."

—

Billy makes the effort to swirl his tongue over Steve's length as he pulls up and almost off of him for that. Glances up to meet his boyfriend's dark eyes across his gently heaving chest as he slides back down. And *god,* his eyes are so open, so wide, so *loving*, Billy has to close his for a second before he forces himself to look back up again.

They used to share glances, before any of this began, from across classrooms and basketball courts, that felt at the time like they were connected somehow. At least they had to Billy. But this…

Billy tastes a salty hint of pre-come on his tongue, and quickly pulls off of Steve all the way, wiping his mouth and chin roughly with the back of his hand and his arm. Leans over to grab the lube from Steve and get on with the fucking part already.

"Ready?" he asks, frowning a little as Steve pulls the lube out of his reach, and glancing back at his face.

--

"Easy," Steve says, soothes Billy's frown with the tips of his fingers before sitting up and turning his attention to the lube, calmly coating his fingers. He can feel Billy jittery next to him, but he's not having any of that right now. He knows they'll have to scramble and hurry soon, way too soon, and they'll probably not get a chance to get together again anytime in the near future, so they're gonna have to make the most of this, now. He's not gonna rush through it.

Pushing Billy to lie on his back, he settles between his legs, gives the slick mess of Billy's cock a kiss though the taste of the lube makes him pull a face. Billy spreads his legs, still impatient, and breathes an annoyed huff when Steve starts with just the one finger, pushing back at him impatiently like he wants to say, *get a fucking move on, I can take it.* Steve *knows* he can, that's not the point.

In the light from the window he can see everything clearly now, and he looks at Billy's face, drinks it all up, commits it to memory. How Billy holds his breath, releases it when Steve's finger curls inside him, sure of his aim by now. How he frowns, but not just with being annoyed. It's the frown he gets from concentrating on what he likes.

—

"Steve, unhh come on…" Billy groans, glancing up at his boyfriend again finally. "I want—" But meeting Steve's eyes cuts him short again with a surprised sigh and a groan. Their deep brown warmer than ever and pulling him in. He closes his eyes and breathes hard through his nose.

"Just fuck me already," he says.

—

"I will," Steve promises, but he doesn't move any faster, not even when he deigns Billy ready for another finger. Just fucks him open, slowly and with care. It's a good thing he's already come once, or they'd surely be fucking already. This way he can handle Billy's impatience, draw back a bit when Billy pushes closer, tries to fuck himself on Steve's finger, whines with frustration when that doesn't work.

"Hm, stop fussing," Steve hums and ignores Billy's glare. "I got you baby. I promise."

—

Billy groans and flops back on the bed with a defeated sigh.

"At least give me another finger, Steve. Jesus, I can hardly feel just one after having you in there."

It's an exaggeration, they both know that. He shudders a little even as he's saying it, as Steve presses his fingertip neatly into Billy's prostate. But Billy is desperate. This time feels different somehow, too raw. Like every small movement Steve is making has hyper-sensitised his skin. Like there's some charge in the air and running through their connected bodies. Not just attraction anymore, but

something more. And Billy suddenly isn't so sure he can handle something more. Not when it's this real. This close.

—

Steve gives in and pushes two fingers in next, but Billy isn't even content then, arching his back and pushing into Steve's touch, begging for *more* and *harder* without so many words. Steve instead pulls out completely for more lube, and when Billy whines low in the back of his throat, he kisses the inside of Billy's thigh. "I told you, I got this," he chides softly, chuckling at the dark glare Billy shoots him, but he has a tiny shred of mercy still in him, pushes in with three fingers next. Billy moans and hisses, closing his eyes for a moment. It's a glorious sight.

--

"Steve, mmplease," Billy breathes, feeling strung out and utterly needy, more at someone's mercy than he's ever felt before, but somehow not afraid of it. At least not much.

But with everything moving so slow, Billy's mind has time to race and it's torture. Thinking about how much more real Steve feels above him than anyone he's ever fucked before. Thinking about how nothing this good lasts forever.

"I need it," Billy bites out. Determinedly *not* desperate. "Steve," he begs. "You can be slow all you want, just come here already. I want you inside me."

—

"Alright, baby, don't worry. Soon." Steve kisses Billy's thigh again, laughs when he narrowly escapes Billy's knee knocking him in the head. He gives Billy's prostate another gentle nudge before pulling out, still slow and careful. Billy may not believe in what he's promising now, but Steve really does want to go slow, and he wants to kiss Billy while they do it. Kiss him breathless, fuck him senseless.

He slicks himself up, ignoring Billy's impatient growl, then slides up, smiling when Billy pulls him close, wraps his legs around Steve's

waist. Desperate to urge him on, even without words. Steve leans in to kiss him, licks the whine from Billy's lips. "Slow as I want," he says, teasing Billy, who seems to be teetering on the edge just from all this.

--

Billy struggles not to let just the feeling of Steve's slick cock pressing against his entrance make him moan, closing his eyes and keeping his breaths deep as Steve kisses his face, holding himself almost but not quite still against Billy's hole.

By the time he pushes in, Billy can't hold back a whimper at the welcome stretch, the slow push in making him so very aware of every nerve in his body. He clenches his muscles and pulls Steve closer in with legs around his waist, but his boyfriend hums disapproval and kisses his neck to soothe him and Billy whines and loosens his grip.

"Fuck, Steve," he groans, his hands restless on Steve's back and arms and sides as he searches for something to hold onto. "What are you doing to me? Baby…"

—

"It's alright," Steve soothes him, words meaning little next to nothing, just a steady drip of things to say, his voice there to calm Billy down, only it seems to make him wound up more tightly instead, like a tea kettle about to boil. Steve kisses him, murmurs into his neck, keeps thrusting slowly, leisurely, watches a flush of pleasure bloom on his cheeks. Billy looks like he's not sure what's happening, and that is a sight so odd, Steve can't help but want to draw it out a little longer. "It's alright, I got you…"

--

Billy's thighs are shaking when Steve pushes slow but *hard* against his prostate, and he cries out low and desperate.

"Steve, god," he groans, "fuck, you're so good. *Steve*…"

He holds onto Steve's arms tight and stares into his soft, brown eyes for so long he gets lost in the sight and sensation of it all. It's better

than any drug. Better than any fuck he's had before. He pulls Steve down against his lips when he hits that spot inside him again, and sobs into a kiss.

—

"Just let it go, baby," Steve mutters between soft kisses. He can feel his next orgasm building already, like a tidal wave, and Billy is moaning and twitching around him. "You're doing so well, fucking me so good. You can let go now." Billy is kissing him like he needs Steve's mouth more than air, and Steve can understand that.

—

Steve is moving just a little bit faster now, but it's the care with which he does it, the gentle way he keeps *pressing* into Billy's prostate that has Billy's legs spread wide and his cock leaking on his belly as he holds onto Steve for dear life.

"Love you," he murmurs thoughtlessly as he feels his climax creep ever closer like a shy cat, in halting bursts that have his toes curling and his breath coming shallow and labored. "Fuck, I love you. D'you love me? Steve, tell me you love— Mmfuck, Steve! Hah…"

Their eyes meet just as Steve quirks his hips a bit harder than he has been, flicking hard against the bundle of nerves inside Billy, and Billy's whole body seizes up tight as his mouth falls open, breath coming out in short gasps. And then he comes. Up his chest, back arched up off the bed for several long seconds as he throws his head back and damn near cries with the pleasure.

--

"Yeah, I do, you know I do," Steve whispers, still thrusting, fucking Billy through the last bits of his orgasm, feeling him shudder around him, seeing his eyes wild and unfocused, knowing he probably isn't listening to a word Steve says now. Steve touches the side of Billy's face, brushes the hair out of his eyes to really see him, leans in to kiss away the bit of wet from the corner of his eyes. His own orgasm comes almost like an afterthought, less desperate than the one before, but taking forever. He keeps up the slow, lazy thrusts of his hips, the

slow, lazy kisses.

—

Billy keeps his eyes closed as he struggles to catch his breath. Tightens one leg around Steve's ass to slow his movement and keep him from pulling out as he pulls him blindly down into a kiss. He doesn't want to stop touching right now. Feels like if Steve moves up off him he'll float away. But still he can't meet Steve's dark eyes. The affection in them so pure and anxious and - despite everything - *trusting*, and it makes Billy feel like Steve's got him mixed up with someone else. Must have.

That's sweet, Harrington, but you're wrong, he wants to say. *I'm unloveable.* But Billy's confident Steve will figure that out for himself sooner or later, so he leaves it unsaid. Because right now Steve's kisses are making him feel almost whole and it's intoxicating.

--

Steve doesn't care if he can feel Billy's come cooling stickily between them, or the wet spot they're starting to make on the sheets. He kisses the stubble on the side of Billy's cheek, rubs his own cheek against it. Whispers, "*I love you*," soft enough so Billy can ignore it if he wants. It feels good, finally saying it, just saying it.

—

Billy feels more wetness squeeze out from under his lashes. Not *tears*, just… something irritating his eyes. Or something. *Fuck*.

"Get off," he says, letting his legs slip down onto the bed at their sides, not longer trapping Steve in place, and shoving him a little to the side. It feels empty and strange to let Steve's warm cock out of him and he can feel his muscles fighting to keep him inside, but Billy's feeling too much for this right now, and he needs to put space between them before he starts crying like a bitch. Needs to get a hold of himself.

He turns to his side and sits up despite the discomfort.

--

No, wait, Steve wants to say, feels stupid now, like he scared Billy off somehow. But Billy isn't scared of *anything*. He shivers, lies down on the bed where there is still some of Billy's residual warmth, at least. Billy isn't saying anything. Steve wants to reach out and touch him, misses the touch like crazy already. But when he does, Billy moves, almost as if to shrug him off. Steve blinks. It shouldn't hurt, but it does.

"Hey," he says, carefully, because he has no idea what's going on in Billy's mind. "Are you hungry? We could make some breakfast…" What he really wants is to ask Billy, *come back to me*, but he doesn't know how.

—

Billy shakes his head even as he feels the hollow clench of hunger in his stomach. *What the hell am I doing?* He lets Steve's next attempt at touch succeed, but stays turned away. Puts his head in his hands to wipe his eyes without looking like that's what he's doing. *What a wreck. You're lucky someone like Harrington even wants to be around you at all.*

—

By now it's really worrying Steve, the way Billy is just shutting him out. He leans over to put his hand on Billy's shoulder, and Billy lets him, but still stays turned away.

"Hey," he says again, trying not to sound too concerned, because it feels like Billy wouldn't respond well to that. Steve sits up properly, avoiding the wet spot now, and puts his hands on Billy's shoulders, runs them down, then up again. Grounding them both. "You okay, babe?" he asks, ghosting a kiss on Billy's nape.

—

Billy just breathes deep. He opens his eyes in natural response to Steve's soft lips, and spots the crystal on his chest, Steve's gift from California. His eyes start itching again and he can't help but take it in his hands and turn it side to side, inspecting it and playing with the shape of it like a stress toy. *No. I'm not okay*, he wants to say. *You're*

too good for me, and it's starting to matter, but I don't think I can give you up anymore. He shrugs.

--

Alright, so Billy doesn't feel like talking. Not the end of the world, Steve reminds himself. He can talk for both of them, if he really tries. If only he could think of anything to say that doesn't sound completely dumb. He looks around the room, tries to come up with something, *anything*, to break the silence. The sunlight falling into the window is starting to look decidedly less like morning now. Which means they really should get a move on soon.

"We should come back," he says, to chase away that ugly thought. "When it's warm, I mean. The lake is so nice then. You'll love it here in the summer. Even if there aren't any waves for surfing or anything." He smiles, leans against Billy's back. "We could go skinny-dipping, too. Hell, you'd never have to put on any clothes if you didn't want to. No one around for miles and miles…"

—

When it's warm. Billy clutches the stone in his hand hard. Watches his knuckles turn white. *He thinks we're going to still be like this in the summer?* Steve's presence against his back is grounding. Nice. But being grounded in this moment, in this place, just makes Billy more aware of the fact that they just undeniably *made love*. And the implications of that… None of this can last.

—

Steve's rambling trails off, when Billy still keeps quiet. It's getting a bit weird now to be talking just to himself, but silence would be even weirder.

"Hey," he says, "I think the boiler should be full again by now, you wanna grab a quick shower? I'll let you have all the warm water if you like, or we could share. For the environment, you know. Whales. Baby seals. All of that."

—

Billy doesn't really want another shower, but keeping Steve's scent on him - keeping his come in him - is probably a bad idea for the drive home, and for what comes after. So he nods, sits still for a moment, then pushes off the bed and walks to the bathroom a bit unsteadily. He glances over his shoulder at Steve at the door, but doesn't wait for him before going in and turning on the shower. He doesn't really know if he wants Steve to join him or not.

—

Steve watches Billy just get up and go. Should he go after him? Does it mean he wants to be alone now? Fuck, if only he'd gotten him to talk somehow. Steve sighs and gets out of the bed, stretches, yawns. Scratches his belly where there's still a bit of Billy's come, dried to his skin. Then he looks at the state of the bedroom and thinks he might as well use Billy's alone time for something productive. He strips off the bedding and throws the sheets in the hamper, makes sure to pack away his pillow from home, straightens up the rest of the room, takes their bags to the living room. Hell, but that's a bigger piece of work. Maybe Billy is coming out of the shower soon to help. Steve lingers over the record player, would like to put on some music while he straightens shit out. But Billy would probably hate any of the stuff his parents have stashed away up here. Eh well. Nothing for it now. He puts on the cheesiest album he can find and goes back to work, whistling.

—

When Billy realizes Steve isn't going to join him, he lets out a breath. Glares at himself in the mirror a little and steps into the shower while the water's still too cold. He cleans himself off (and out) quickly, and makes quick work of washing yesterday's hairspray out of his curls, grabbing whatever shampoo is in the little nook on the shower wall.

Afterwards he towels off, staring himself down in the mirror, and catches sight of the marks on his body. Neil's handprint still faint on his neck, the marks from Steve's kisses dominating that space more now. Warmth settles into his gut, and he wills it to stay there. Brings his mother's necklace to his lips, and then does the same to Steve's and smiles a little.

“Get a hold of yourself, Hargrove,” he breathes, wringing out the last of the dripping from his hair and tying the towel around his waist. And then he hears something from the living room. Music?

When he opens the door and steps out, Steve’s in the other room. He hears him before he sees him, singing along quietly but without an ounce of self-consciousness to… Paul Anka? Billy can’t help but shake his head and laugh a little as he steps up behind his boyfriend, into the room.

—

“Just a kiss goodnight, maybe…” Steve hums while he picks up the champagne flutes. He nearly drops them when he suddenly sees Billy standing next to him.

“Oh jeez, you scared me,” he laughs, then quickly puts down the used glasses and takes Billy’s hand. “C’mon, dance with me,” he grins, eyes turning to beg when Billy scoffs at the idea.

—

Billy lets Steve take his hands and lead him into the empty space between the couch and the kitchen, laughing.

“You’re corny as hell, Harrington, Jesus.” He says it like it’s embarrassing, like he wishes his boyfriend was cooler, but that’s a lie. Somehow it’s shit like this that makes Billy feel truly fucking in love.

“*And you and I will fall in love,”* the old record sings, and Billy raises an eyebrow.

“I know we have some disagreements about music, but Paul Anka?” he smirks as Steve moves his hips and shoulders awkwardly to the song. “What is this, your parents’ music?” Billy asks, leaning in to kiss Steve’s neck and joining his little sway, feeling very conscious of the warm press of their bare chests together, and Steve’s bare bottom-half against his towel. It’s delicious.

—

“No, this is actually my favorite record, I take it with me wherever I

go," Steve deadpans, swaying to the music, probably looking like a fool and not giving a damn. "Of course it's my parents', you dick." He swats at Billy's ass, and Billy laughs. "Though it's quite possible that I was conceived to this song, so let's give Mr Anka the respect he deserves."

As the song winds down, Steve tries to end their dance with a twirl and a proper movie dip, but Billy refuses to dip, remains solidly undipped. Spoilsport.

—

"Oh no, you don't."

Billy turns Steve's move on himself and utilizes a modest amount of his arm strength to push Steve down into a dip, smirking when he brings him back up, smothering his scowl with a kiss.

As the record clicks over to the B side and the next song begins, Billy pulls away and glances at the record player with another laugh.

"Don't ever leave me… Don't say goodbye…"

"I think that's our cue, babe," he says. "You ready to get out of here?"

--

Never, Steve wants to say.

"Yeah, alright," he shrugs. "Let's hit the road."

Author's Note:

> In case anyone is interested, there are mood-board things for each of the fics in this series up on Theo's tumblr here, great for reblogging and sharing with your friends ;)